

Mooreditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauory smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascalliest sweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to bee bought: an olde Lorde of the counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir, but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely and in the street to.

*Prince.* Thou didst wel, for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hal*, God forgine thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal*, I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee damnd for neuer a kings sonne in Christendom.

*Prin.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow Iacke?

*Fals.* Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, an I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

*Prin.* I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

*Fal.* Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation *Hal*, 'tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

*Enter Poynes.*

Poynes, nowe shall we knowe if Gads hill haue set a match. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him: this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cryed stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, *Ned*.

*Poynes.* Good morrow sweete *Hal*. What saies Monsieur remorse? what saies sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? howe agrees the deuill and thee about thy soule that thou souldest him on good Friday last, for a cup of Medera and a cold capons legge?

*Prince.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the deuill shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

*Poynes.* Then art thou damned diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had bin damned.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to clocke early at Gads hill, there burie with rich offerings, and trypurpes. I haue vizards for you selues, Gads hill lies to night in the per to morrow night in Eastcheesleepe: if you will goe, I will flie if you will not, tarie at home and flie hang you for going.

*Fals.* Heare ye Yedward, if I flie hang you for going.

*Po.* You will chops.

*Fals.* *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

*Prin.* Who, I rob? I a thiefe?

*Fals.* Ther's neither honesty, in thee, nor thou canst not of it not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then, once in m

*Fals.* Why that's well said.

*Prin.* Well, come what will,

*Fals.* By the lord, ile be a traitor.

*Prin.* I care not.

*Po.* Sir Iohn, I prethe leaue I lay him downe such reasons for t

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the she cares of profiting, that what he heares, may be beleeneed recreation sake) proue a false thie time want countenance; farewell,

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring.

*Poin.* Now my good sweete h row, I haue a ieast to execute, *Falstaffe*, *Harney*, *Rossill*, and *G* we haue already way-laid, your and when they haue the bootie, I cut this head off from my shoulde

*Poinet*